

Bill Bisset Chants at Erindale

Carl Melo

For the past fifteen years Vancouver has contained the largest and most cohesive left-wing artistic subculture in CANADA. Throughout all of these years Bill Bisset has been one of its most outspoken and iconoclastic poets. Bisset's rejection of the conventional or "straight" world has been vigorous—expressed not only in life-style but in ruthless alterations to conventional syntax and spelling. His contempt for orthodox society has caused him to be ejected from cross-Canada trains, evicted by countless landlords, beaten, harassed by police, and arrested and sentenced to prison. His contempt for the orthodoxies of the printed word caused him for at least a decade to be regarded by the bourgeois world of literary criticism as little more than a wild man or a freak.

Bisset published more than fifteen books in the sixties, and so far in the seventies has published ten more. His first significant recognition outside of the underground literary world in which he works and lives, however, was the publication in 1972 by the House of Anansi Press of a selected Bissett *Nobody Owns the Earth*. This was followed quickly by his inclusion in Eli Mandel's certifying anthology, *Poets of Contemporary Canada* (1972). Neither book, however, recognizes Bissett on his own anarchic terms. The Anansi selected poems, edited by Margaret Wood and Dennis Lee is a Bissett methodized"—Bissett represented by his most tractable and accessible material. Much of the flavour of a real Bissett publication—that created by his use of smudged and broken type-faces, varying page sizes, one-of-a-kind crayon sketches and collages, and consciously obscure or sentimental material—is absent.

Bissett has been a one-man literary happening, almost impossible to contain in a single book. He is an exciting sound poet—particularly in his chants based on west-coast Indian material; this part of his work can be sampled through his record *Awake in the Red Desert*. He is an innovator in concrete or visual poetry. His most interesting work here has been his use of the dimensions of the page into a single alphabetic and orthographic tapestry. Bissett is also an accomplished graphic artist, with a recognizably unique style in both collage and pen-and-ink sketching. In addition, he has been an important west coast editor, working through his cavalierly named Blew Ointment Press and *Blew Ointment* magazine to preserve and advance the careers of numerous Vancouver writers including Judith Copithorne, Maxine Gadd, Gerry Gilbert, and Bertrand Lachance. In all of these activities, as well as in his day-to-day life, he has been politically active, attempting to disturb the complacent, enrage the dogmatic, and obstruct the mechanical and the unjust whether in literature or in the streets.

Informing all of Bissett's action has been a mystical and religious view of the world. Behind our own unreliable world of death, war, and persecution, Bissett sees a transcendent and immutable one in which pure joy, energy, and spontaneous form exclude the petty boundaries and restrictions of our philistine and puritanical culture.

More Blakean than Emersonian, this other world of "the endless sun, the rose in the forehead", can become visible to us during incantation, prayer, or dream. At moments of extreme intensity—drug experience, sexual orgasm—a person can enter completely into this world of eternal condition. Many of Bissett's poems celebrate physical love in which the body becomes a "tempul burning" and opens the way to complete escape from materiality and temporality. Many other poems are religious chants—"holy day is due holy/day is due"—deliberately designed to induce mystic feeling.

Because of the Platonic overtones of these poems, their diction superficially appears extremely limited. The dominant part of speech is the noun; most nouns are from a narrow elemental range—tree, earth, fire, wind, water, sky, sun, moon, blood, heart (in some books by Bissett such a list would comprise 80% of the nouns). They are nearly always modified. But these limitations are deliberately chosen by Bissett in his attempt to write of an unqualified, elemental, and pure visionary world—a world distinct from ours in its lack of categories, pluralities, divergencies, in its consisting only of elemental substance. Bissett's idiosyncratic quasiphonetic spelling—yu for you, th for the, tempul for temple—is both a similar kind of simplification and a symbolic act of social rebellion. It is meant to indicate a sensibility that prefers cosmic clarity to the vagaries and stupidities of earthly convention, and is successful in doing this. To Bissett, the rules of grammar, church, academy, and state are all equally pernicious conspiracies to imprison the human spirit.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS!!

Thanks to the Red Cross Blood Donor Service and the many volunteer donors, blood needed in times of accident or illness is free for everyone.

Last year more than 118,085 donations were received and 27,352 patients were given free blood in Metro Hospitals.

Free blood made possible
—991 heart operations
—40,428 units of cryoprecipitate for the treatment of haemophilia patients.

ON NOVEMBER 22 WHEN ERINDALE HOLDS ITS BLOOD DONOR CLINIC, WON'T YOU DONATE BLOOD?

L. Upenieks
Services Commissioner

IMPORTANT!
CONFIRMATION OF
PROGRAMME
ALL FULL TIME
STUDENTS MUST
VERIFY THEIR
COURSES AT THE
REGISTRAR'S
OFFICE:

CENTRE A - ROOM 216
CENTRE B - ROOM 2122
BETWEEN OCTOBER 30 - NOVEMBER 15.

A major part of Bissett's work is his poetry of political and social castigation. This poetry is more accessible to the conventionally pragmatic reader than is the mystical verse, but most clearly has its origin in Bissett's mystic vision. The poet who yearns for heaven lives in hell—a hell not only of corporeality and plurality but of human deceit, brutality, exploitation, and petty distinction, a hell in which the poet must cynically inquire "were yu normal today did yu screw society". In these poems Bissett presents himself persecuted by police narcotic squads, incarcerated in a provincial prison, or mortally endangered by power-hungry doctors, psychiatrists, and bureaucrats. All of such poems have the rare quality in contemporary poetry of total authenticity. Bissett is no detached middle-class social critic; he has lived and continues to live on the streets of hell, and has the artistic power to convey this experience in its fullness to the reader.

The two sides to Bissett's poetry cannot be fully understood in separation. One is the mystic's hope the other is his horror at what still surrounds him. Together they make him one of the major voices in new Canadian writing. Despite the slowness of his recognition, it is now clear that of all the new poets of the past two decades Bissett is definitely one of the most stubbornly and self-confidently unique talents. Although the idea must be repugnant to him, he has already assured himself an important place in Canada's literary history.

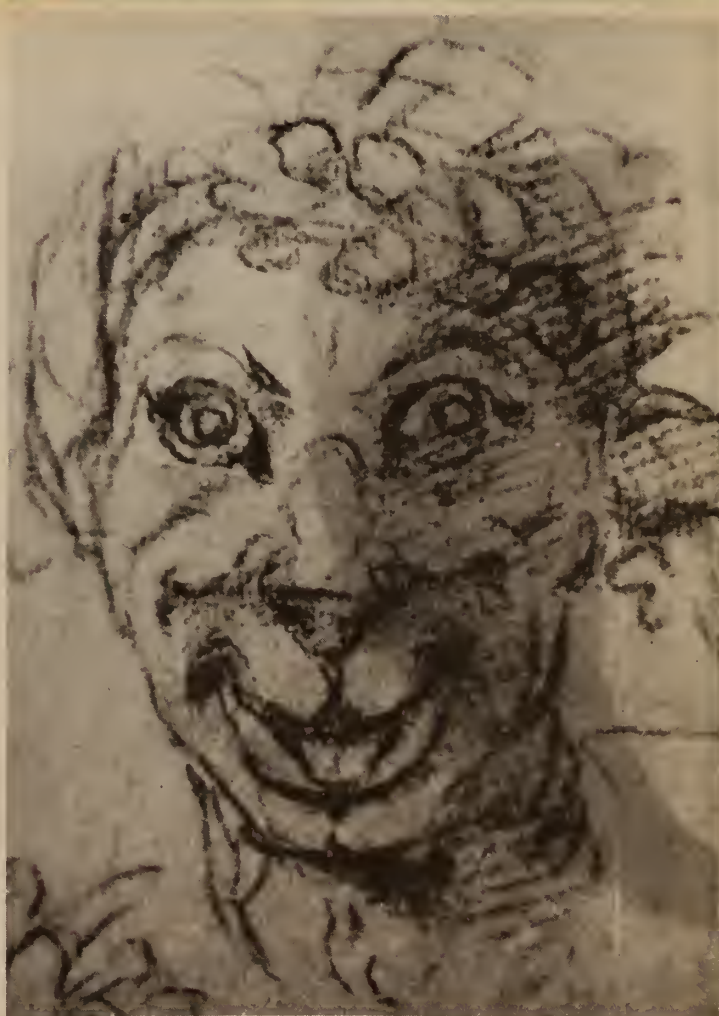
D. GODFREY

Erindale was very fortunate to have him present some of his work last Wednesday and I am quite sure that his presence was an enlightening to most of the members present.

For those that missed the opportunity to hear some of Bissett's poetry and get involved with some of his chants I decided to include one of his poems and it goes as such;

Dryden, Ontario: Feb 10/67

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Bill Bissett.

THE CULTURAL AFFAIRS

Commission announces International Nights

Purpose: 1. To introduce the public to the cultural life at Erindale. 2. To bring the clubs together. 3. To bring the Erindale community together. Feb. 8 & 9.

There will be a general meeting for interested people on Thurs. Nov. 15 at 6:00 P.M. Clubs must attend if they want International Nights at all. Room to be announced.

ERINDALIAN

ERINDALE COLLEGE

3359 Mississauga Rd., Mississauga.

828-5260

The Erindalian is a weekly publication printed in the interests of the Erindale Campus Community under the financial auspices of the Student Administrative Government of Erindale. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of SAGE or of the University of Toronto Administration.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

We at Murphy's would like to express our thanks to Radio Erindale. Their assistance in helping set up the sound systems for

our Friday night pubs has been greatly appreciated.

Budd Stewart,
Bill Mather,
Managers of Murphy's.

IT'S TIME TO KILL THE POLAR BEARS

UNLESS YOU HELP THEM

"Polar bears are perhaps nature's finest creation, in that they have mastered the world's harshest environment. To let them die would be something no Canadian could be proud of."

Before the advent of western man and his destructive technology, the polar bear coexisted with the native peoples of the north, and prospered.

Recent years, however, have not been good for the white giants of the snows. They have been mercilessly slaughtered by trophy hunters, and have even been gunned down by so-called sportsmen hunting with high powered rifles from the safety of an aircraft. Increasing pollution and oil spills in the Arctic waters could eliminate the bears forever. And if all this is not enough, they now face another menace — competition with man for space.

Initial government plans called for the killing of up to 50 polar bears a year at the town of Churchill, built close to a major polar bear migratory route on the southern shore of Hudson Bay. The doomed animals would have made the deadly mistake of wandering too close too often to the town, being attracted to the primitive garbage dump just outside the northern community.

There is a serious problem at Churchill, no one denies that. The presence of large carnivores near the town every fall poses a real danger. But it is a problem created by man, not the bears. Yet once again man sets the terms of a one-sided battle — man wields the weapons, and wildlife does the dying.

The International Fund for Animal Welfare approached the Canadian Government with proposals that would help both the people of Churchill and the bears. And government funds were used to build an incinerator that should be in operation late this year. But bad habits die hard, and it will be several years before the bears cease their annual pilgrimage to Churchill — and during this period many of these magnificent

Hi-dee-ho, kiddie-ho, kiddie-ohs! What's happenin'? Not much, you say? Oh, go take a flying ... er, uh, let's see ... uh, I'm getting to the point where I'm wiping out. That is, I'm, er ... I'm going down the drain ... uh, my courses are, uh, hurting. Bad. Really bad ... I don't know how long I can keep the job of Editor and still have a fighting chance of passing. (No, I don't get a credit for this job—if I did, I might keep it.) Unfortunately, in this world everybody is graded and passed on how much work in class (restricted to a specific piece of the subject) they do and can recall on sight.

I'm a bit of a procrastinator (If you know me, you will have probably noticed this right off the bat—whatever that means) and I haven't really got the time to screw around.

So I spend a lot of time doing trivial jobs and talking to people in the office. And if there is nobody to sit in the office, I will. Now, I ENJOY this work immensely, but when I have to skip classes to make sure everything gets done and then I have to work late into the night to catch up on the school work ... Then, because it's so late, I sleep-in and miss my classes the next day and all the rest of the vicious cycle. So if I want any kind of chance of passing, I'm going to class and do my work—and I'm leaving the legwork (so to speak) up to you bimbos. I mean, no more chasing for stuff: If you want something in the paper, you put it in the SAGE office BEFORE Thursday Midnight

EDITORIAL

or drop it in the submissions envelope outside the news office (Colman House) BEFORE 9:00 AM Friday and we'll print it. Phone in announcements Wednesday or Thursday.

And, hell, this paper is put out by students, but we want material from anyone: like you professors (do any of you read this?). Why not put some of your thoughts on paper or report something that's happening or write an editorial about some major (for that matter, minor) issue you feel has been left untouched, mistouched or out-of-touch. What the heck, the more people who write for us, the better. (If it's half-decent).

The later you leave-off doing some of the work—the sooner I quit. (That ain't sour grapes—it's necessity. And no matter what you think: Necessity is a Mother!!) Do you want to see the newspaper shut down for ten days because the executive quit and it had to undergo an overhaul (or refitting)?

I said last week, in my editorial under Letters to the Editor: "No more bitching." Well, I still have to do some bitching. During the SAGE meeting (Nov. 7), it was mentioned that SAGE received NO entries in the "Name the Worst and Best Professors" Contest. So I take it there are no worst and or best professors. That must mean they are all mediocre. SAGE also created a new position. Ombudsman. Look it up in a dictionary if you don't know what the word means. Chris Hale is the man filling that position this year. I don't know what

Dr. Moreau and I started a couple of issues ago with out bitching about Canteen of Canada, but they are working on rectifying what we felt was wrong with their service. I'm sorry all we did was complain. I personally wish I had given some suggestions.

Before I forget, a couple of other things that arose at the SAGE meeting: ONE. At the past two meetings, about half way through the meeting some people leave. There has never been a good turnout at a SAGE meeting, yet. So when these people (who really do have to leave) get up and go, SAGE loses its quorum. And that makes things rather difficult. It is your neck that you leave on the chopping block—nobody else's. TWO. It was recommended that the student members of the Erindale College Council withdraw their active support. Not for any political reason really. Paranoid political heavies take note. It is just that the ECC is really only a recommendatory committee and as one of the SAGE members said, (you'll never guess who it was), "It serves no useful purpose."

MATT.

UP AND COMING

TUESDAY, November 13: Winter Birds of Erindale: slides and talk by Madeline Richard. 12 Noon, Room 1104.

WEDNESDAY, November 14: S.A.C. general meeting. Scarborough College.

WEDNESDAY, November 14: Folk Dancing led by Rava Diamond. 12 Noon, Meeting Place.

WEDNESDAY, November 14: Sociology Film Festival. "Leon Morin, PREIST": Set in wartime France under the Occupation, the film follows an ideological conflict between a preist and a recently widowed woman—from her initial bitterness through her realization of love for him to her possible conversion.

THURSDAY, November 15: Winter Birds of Erindale. (repeat of Tuesday) 1:00 PM, Room 287.

THURSDAY, November 15: Biology Seminar. "Regulation of Amino Acid Biosynthesis in 'Zea mays' by Dr. Ann Oats, Dept. Biology, McMaster University. 5:00 PM, Room 2080.

THURSDAY, November 15: "Ten Women, Two Men and a Moose". Mia Anderson will be at Erindale for one show only. See June Shane for tickets.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY: November 15 & 16: Mobile Fitness Van sponsored by YMCA and General Foods will be at Erindale. Located between the old Phys. Ed. Shed and the Preliminary Bldg. 9AM to 5 PM both days.

FRIDAY, November 16: Malcolm Hindley-Smith from the Computer Research Facility of the University of Toronto will give an informal talk about the Computer Research Facility. Coffee will be served. 2:00 PM, Rooms 2035 and 2036.

SUNDAY, November 18: Horseback Riding and Dinner. Register with Mrs. Pearson in Room 1114 before Friday the 16th.

THURSDAY, November 22: Blood Donor Clinic.

MONDAY, November 26: Commission on University Affairs will hold an open meeting at Erindale. Room 3130.

WEDNESDAY, November 28: Sociology Film Festival: "Yo-Yo". SATURDAY, December 1: German Club Annual Decemberfest.

WEDNESDAY, December 5: Sociology Film Festival: "The Burmese Harp".



Brian Davies, International Fund for Animal Welfare

creatures will be shot unless the particularly adventuresome of the population can be captured and moved elsewhere.

We have suggested to the Canadian Government that capturing and moving these animals is properly a government responsibility and, furthermore, if carried out by the Canadian Armed Forces would provide an ideal training program for those men who will be called on to deal with the consequences of a major oil spill in the Arctic waters — a statistical certainty. For once we could have been prepared!

We have met with stubborn refusal — let the bears die seems to be the attitude of government and generals. An attitude no ordinary Canadian can be proud of.

It seems that you and the International Fund for Animal Welfare are the only hope for these doomed animals. So far, Brian Davies and the International Fund for Animal Welfare have saved 30 bears from certain death, and presently we are standing by at Churchill to airlift more of the giant animals to a remote port of their normal sub Arctic range.

Join us in this effort to save the polar bears.

PLEASE SIGN THE COUPON in protest to the Prime Minister of Canada.

PLEASE SEND A CONTRIBUTION — Operation Bear Lift is a costly undertaking.

Send coupon and contribution to: The International Fund for Animal Welfare, P.O. Box 1011-A (560 Queen Street), Fredericton, N.B., Canada (a non-profit organization). Contributions are income tax deductible.

Your signature will be presented to the Prime Minister by this Fund.

Special Message to: Civic Organizations, Municipal Authorities and Individuals. Letters, Wires, Telegrams and Petitions (use wording on the coupon to set up your own petition) are of great value and may be sent directly to: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, House of Commons, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

• ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE MAILED TO: International Fund for Animal Welfare, P.O. Box 1011-A (560 Queen St.), Fredericton, N.B.

There will be blank petitions posted in the halls for all interested persons to sign. The Erindale Biological Society will then forward them to Prime Minister Pierre E. Trudeau. Please help!

PEABODY

Dear Ronald MacDonald:

After being thoroughly processed, computerised, stamped, and moved through your extremely impersonal line-up, I found, to my incredible horror, that both my processed hamburgers were lacking an essential ingredient (besides taste). Onion! Where were my onions? How in heaven's name could I breathe on anybody with any sense of self-esteem? That tell-tale odour, so pleasant to people's offended noses, was utterly lacking. How can I face my next trip to MacDonald's knowing that possibly there will be no onions on my hamburger?

Is it even possible that my next Big Mac will lack its mayonnaise? What is this world coming to if even computerised MacDonald's is having foul-ups in its production line...? We all expect a certain quality of mediocrity from MacDonald's. Are we to be denied this, also? Can we not even trust this institution to provide the little we all ask for? Suicide is the only answer then.

Oh, Ronald, you have me at the depths of despair. Can I face the next day, the next minute, with this horrendous knowledge? Can I ever watch those gross, talking hamburgers on that tube with the same delight, knowing that they are defective? Will your fish delights eventually be made out of sardines? Tell me it is not true. Tell me that the one company I have trust in will continue to make those delectable soybean-burgers. Tell me that the eleven billion hamburgers you serve per day will still be made from at least one pound of hamburger. Tell me that the people who serve all of us at MacDonald's will still have a minimum of ten pimples on which to contemplate. Are all these things going the way of the Edsel?

MacDonald's, you are the food of the future. North America depends on your pickles, your ketchup, your mustard, and your onions. Please, please make sure that all these inedibles will still remain on those



patties. You are the great equalizer; poor and rich alike come to eat in your plastic halls, young and old black and white, martian and earthman.

If we are to have faith in anything, MacDonald's, let it be you. Don't let all us starving maniacs forget the taste, the smell, the look of MacDonald's. If you, too, are to become a monolith, a giant Bell Telephone made of chips, hamburgers, cheese-burgers, Big Macs and quarter-pounders, at least remain mediocre, at least be consistent.

I can only pray that you will see the wisdom of my words. You see, I represent the MacDonald's addicts. Those people who, when the craving hits them must, and will, have a MacDonald's. The end result will be a mass exodus of people to your head office to prostrate themselves in front of those two yellow arches and beg, no, scream, for a MacDonald's. The cry that will arise from around the world will crash every MacDonald's structure into a heap of plastic cardboard. We have the power. We are watching you. So be extremely careful, watch your production, and CHOP THOSE ONIONS.

Yours Menacingly,

Peabody!

REPORT FROM MONSTER ISLE — DR. MOREAU

It's really too bad they didn't have platform shoes in Toulouse-Lautrec's days. Some of my best friends are dwarves and I accept them for what they are—short. Hell, no, I wouldn't want my sister marry one. I keep telling that to Igor, my assistant, but he still insists on hanging around. Upside down from the rafters; in the closet by his neck. Fortunately, my sister is a level-headed girl (due to an unsuccessful brain-transplant experiment). She knows what she wants in the world. Marrying a university graduate is her aim in life. (Maybe Igor would be better, at that.)

But enough of my problems, I'm here to discuss yours. Notice the slight rhangs in the food service? There are now additional machines in the Main Building, and the price of pastries was LOWERED from 20c to 15c. I have recently noticed

that the cafeterias are now charging 5c for gravy. What do you think about that, people?

So there is an energy crisis in the world. Fancy that! Maybe people are starting to wake up! All the "children" who have been buying cars are soon going to find out that the "batteries are not included".

But then there might be some interesting developments arising from all this. The practice of bundling met yet again be reveled. Bundling was a phenomena particular to New England in the Colonial days. Fuel for heating was often scarce so a male and a female would occupy the same bed and share body heat. Try it, you may like it. Only keep the next crisis, the population explosion, in mind. House33?

Myself, I am considering hibernation. I'll probably set my alarm for the Stanley Cup in April.

All jesting aside, try and conserve energy. Turn off lights in an empty room, drive at low speeds, etc. Consider where you can make a contribution and do it. That comprises my pulpit session for this week.

May I use what little is left of your attention span to remind you of November 16th. Erindale's own men's basketball team will play a home game Friday night of this week. The bleachers are not in yet but there will be seating. There will be a pub that night either in Murphy's or the Humanities Hut. Indulge.

So as the sun sets slowly in the South, the good doctor bids you all pleasant dreams (erotic or otherwise).

TANSTAAFL!!

BET YOU DID NOT KNOW by Brother Bee

There were thousands of free "Negroes" in the United States who fought to perpetuate slavery. In June 1861 Tennessee began to recruit "negroes" between the ages of 18 and 50. South Carolina did the same in 1862. In a review of 28,000 Confederate troops held at New Orleans on November 23rd, 1861, seven months after the outbreak of war, there was one regiment of 1400 free Negroes. Preston Roberts, a "Negro", was unofficially quartermaster of General Nathaniel Forrest. He was given the Cross of Honor, the highest Confederate medal, and until his death in 1910 was treated in all respects like a white man in the South. The Blacks of the North called him a "good house-nigger".

One of the most daring leaders of the Filipinos against the American troops in the Philippines in 1899 was an American Black deserter,

named Fagan. A short story based on his life by Rowland Thomas, noted American writer, won first prize, of \$10,000 in a nation-wide contest in 1914.

IN ARABIA AND PARTS OF NORTH AFRICA, WHITE PEOPLE, MOSTLY WOMEN, WERE HELD AS SLAVES AS WERE MANY BLACKS—UP TILL 1934. THE OWNERS OF THE SLAVES, BOTH WHITE AND BLACK, WERE PRE-DOMINANTLY WHITE SLAVE HOLDERS BUT THERE WERE A FEW BLACK SLAVE HOLDERS ALSO.

In 1670, Virginia passed a law forbidding Blacks from buying white people. This was fifty-one years after the Blacks had arrived in chains. The same law was repeated in 1748. Free Blacks bought white people in such

numbers in Louisiana, that that state passed a similar law in 1818.

Proof supplied on request: \$500 reward for any refutation. All correspondence: Brothe Bee: Bet You Did Not Know c/o Erindalian.

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3
3

MAMMA FATE'S HOROSCOPE

ARIES (Mar 20 - Apr 19)

Emphasis on weight. Remember Christmas is nearing so save your money. Forget about the danger, it has passed, but keep eating those oranges.

TAURUS (Apr 20 - May 20)

Look out!! You may not have gotten rid of that bear, yet. This is a time for killing off anxieties and warming up to someone.

GEMINI (May 21 - Jun 21)

The lemons may have soured up your good times but stay off the boat. Follow your dream and don't let anyone change your mind.

CANCER (Jun 22 - Jul 22)

Romantic life is dull. Your sensitive emotions make fun and games difficult. Re-assess your feelings and give others a chance.

LEO (July 23 - Aug 22)

You are accident prone. Be careful. Think before you act. Take precautions and don't let yourself be swayed.

VIRGO (Aug. 23 - Sept 22)

You don't have money to burn so conserve. Don't expect money from home, there is no pocket full of miracles.

LIBRA (Sept 23 - Oct 23)

You're a miracle worker. Everyone comes to you for help.

Stock up on food, you're expecting some unexpected visitors who happen to eat a lot.

SCORPIO (Oct 23 - Nov 21)

Your romantic life is booming—nothing permanent but enough to keep you occupied. Women's Lib is highlighted. Be firm. Don't be taken in. Watch out for overly aggressive members of the opposite sex.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22 - Dec 21)

You are due for financial gain. Keep your eye on the markets, and you'll get a hand in the pot. Be careful of mischievous relatives.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22 - Jan 20)

If the elevator shoes didn't work, try crouching or chopping off part of your legs. Either way, you lose, may as well forget about it and look for something better. There are plenty of fish in the sea.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21 - Feb 18)

A night to remember is coming your way. Someone nosey tries to be a match-maker. Look before you file the person away for good.

PISCES (Feb 19 - Mar 19)

The boogie man is coming to get you!! See what you get for not being careful of the consequences. Strive to right the wrongs in your life. Baby Blue may help.

THE WATERING HOLE



PUB HOURS :

Wednesday & Thursday:

12 NOON - 5:30 PM
7:30 PM - 11:00 PM

Friday:

12 NOON - 6:00 PM

Saturday:

7:30 PM - 12 MIDNIGHT



CROAKER BULL:

Publishers of Profile
and Fiction Erindale

Under the editorialship of Greg Michael Troy
Assistant researcher: Linda Kuschnir
Assistant researcher: Wendy MacIntire
Graphics: Jon Schaefer



REMEMBER ME by S. A. Nigosian

Remember me when I am gone
Gone far away, and all alone,
Ne'er to return to be yours for,
Remember me when I'm no more.

Remember me as I would talk,
When we would go out for a walk,
Trying to clear your doubts and
fears,
Often drying your precious tears.

Remember me as I would sit
Near your bedside, right at your
feet;
Listening to you as you would speak
With a calm voice—and yet so
weak.

Remember me—that wedding day,
Those pledges we both had to pay,
How your charming heart I had
won.
Remember me when I am gone.

Remember me for this last time,
When I'm not yours nor you are
mine;
Remember me as the days go by,
When yonder in the grave I lie.



THOUGHTS by: Frank Pio

A pen writes words
We feel
Why do we destroy

Words of the Past
Bring thoughts of the Present
Yet the Future destroys all

Can there ever be truth
Of what's to come
For even the trees
Begin to worry
For MOTHER

Flowers with cement
Bring wails of anger
Yet more cement
Covers the seeds

If thoughts were one
And not always two
Smiles would abound
From Jew to Gentile
And from man to man

Kisses make me shy
Handshakes produce lies
Smiles save one guessing
Yet love rules all

5-year old makes joke
10-year old laughs at joke
20-year old thinks of joke
25-year old is only sad

To want is to receive pain
To give brings only mistrust
What is one to do
But give way and die

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
Where have they run
To granmama's
To fetch a pail of water
And pretend

Lest we forget
I'm here, you're here
So why don't
We drink from the same cup



FOUR POEMS by: S. Perro

an awful
upheaval
and sense.
elevation of
culture—
I feel a sort
of classicism
with blond hair
wind in blue
eyes young:
my heritage is
radiated.
I would like to
speak my clear tongue
for long—for all to hear
this language does flow



and wisp like my hair
now is touched—
So much for pride.
I shall remain different.

FOUR POEMS by: S. Perro

a movie
the beginning:

a slow violin
in piano tears
and images slowly plead
and turn

his hand ruffles
my head in hair
to his hip
he presses me to him
as he stands on a chair working.
I look in love to his shirt
that has revealed
his stomach
and nuzzle in it slowly
a desperate plunge
into his skin
we move slowly
emulating, simulating
I am drawn magnetized
to his skin
there is such quiet
surrounding us two
and we say even less than nothing
love is so much more evident
in tired, slow, quiet.

FOUR POEMS by: S. Perro

Restaurant
in bustling people
and moving food
smoke and clammer
he tells me stories
and all I see are his
eyes.
Lo, and hour passes
ever so pleasantly
he embodies all
the characters
a magnificent
storyteller.

FOUR POEMS by: S. Perro

I love you most
when I see that
you've missed
something.
I come outside



and it's a beautiful
day.
I feel I've robbed
you of it.
Oh, we have
such a short time
together
but an equal
short time here,
alive.
So how can I
leave you for the sun?
or how can
I run in the wind
when I love you?

AWAY by: Gerimie M. Toal

Where
Where
Where shall I go
I'm freed at last
away from my past
but now there's nowhere to go

Dreams
Dreams
Soft mellow dreams
I dream
of sweet smelling winds
that rise
multiply
and rush musically
through the bearded bush

Resting
Resting
Just resting by the road
of roads
watching the aurora grow
the sun unfolds
to the light of day
which melts
the morning dew
from my eyes

Glowing
Glowing
With red glowing cheeks
The dawn figure stands
from my murtle bud bed
I stand
breathing first
a rainbow of coloured air
and breakfast on resin
that pine trees drip

Then down by a roadside
always a roadside
a possible roadside
to wait for a chance
always a chance
a possible chance
to be free

Away
Away
Away to some distant land
always a distant land
Away



SMALL WONDERS

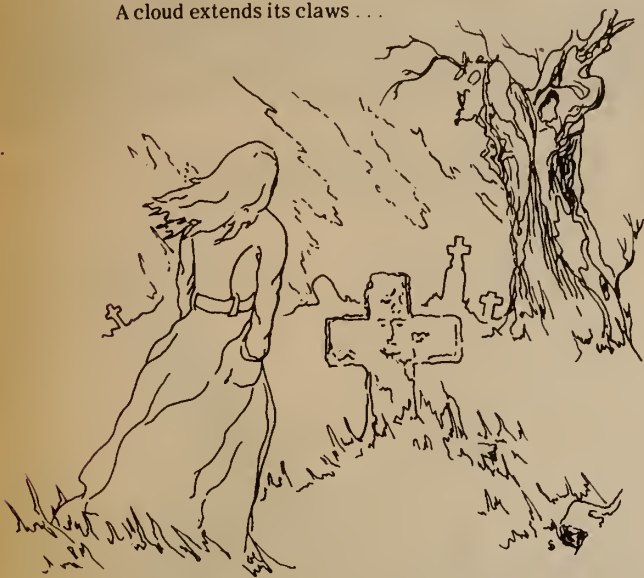
I sat beside a dragonfly today
I was so pleased—he didn't fly away
his wings were gold, his tail of scarlet hue,
he looked at me as now I look at you
and we communed that draongfly and I
as sixty seconds slowly drifted by.
Beside a pond it was, this all took place
I won't forget the kindness in his face.



THE UNFAIR

by: Patricia Kendall

We met in that same place where he once was.
 "Hello. You've heard about him?"
 Eyes search pause.
 A dark shadow falls on speech.
 Some speak no more.
 Ominous silence. Sorrow?
 A cloud extends its claws . . .



The sun passes a black storm unforming . . .
 "It's most unfair" J'j Was . . . the cause?"
 "I wonder" Pauses pound . . .
 Life recoils in unscathed glad-guilt
 . . . Wounds are raw . . .

Hurry! Vindicate the over-blooded cry
 time-tumbled
 So far into the wastes of nevermore!
 Only a little sorrow? A drop shaken after . . .
 To quench inraging thirst forevermore?

Still, the passing pulse turns thought . . . to . . .
 How the most extraordinary lambs can strangely roar!
 O let the last be first!
 It's so outraging . . . so divinely . . . unfairly fair . . .
 A mirror door!

Dark eyes serach my consolation, all-requiring,
 Rejecting with a roughening smile . . . and something more . . .
 A sou;'s small-comforted touch through
 Star-lit depths of undesparing
 Untenderly received . . . and soft restored.

In Memoiram: Harold Ladoo



A POEM

by: Georgie

Why is it that some folks you meet
 make life more infinitely sweet,
 They add a lustre to you day,
 and light a smile where all is grey,

I think you'll find, and this is true,
 God lives in them
 in all they do
 For they have found the secret of
 True happiness,
 It's brotherly love.



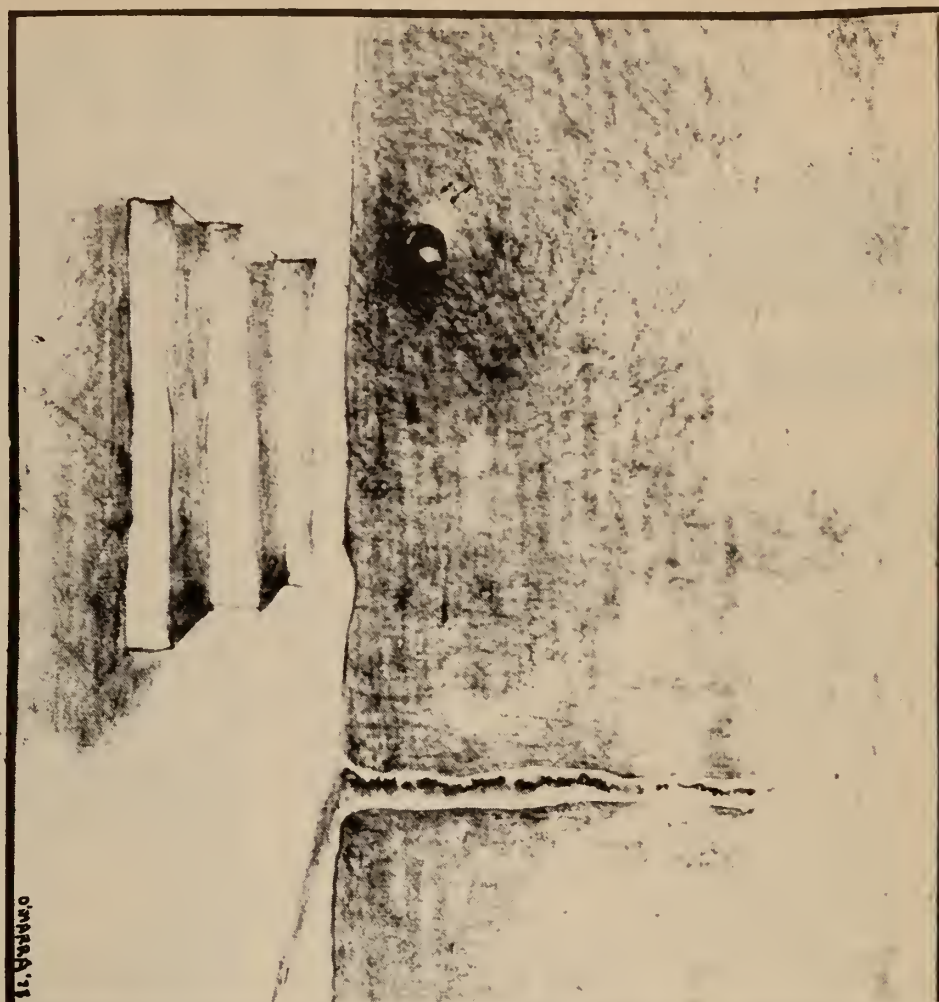
A POEM

by: Kurzawa

permanent abodes of revolutionary types
 built on promises of a wandering jew
 have somehow outlasted persecution

designed to meet the needs of positive fools
 outliving notice of error hypocrisy prostitution
 supported by the universally insecure

raving mystical slime with pulpit power
 craving retribution the fools cringe
 to the almight legend



:CORAKER BULL:

Wishes to extend it's appreciation
 for all those who have contributed
 to the Fiction Department.
 If you would like to submit your
 works for publication, please
 address them i care of Gregg
 Michael Troy, (Fiction Editor), and
 drop them off in either the
 Erindalian News Office (Colman
 House basement) or in S.A.G.E.
 Office (Erindalian drop box).

:PROFILE:

A subsidiary of, and working in co-operation with the Fiction Department'
 is a by-weekly publication dedicated to the examination of some of the
 more provocative minds employed by the University of Toronto.

The following is a subject list of up and coming Profile interviews:

November 20th	JoAnne Dutka (Medieval Studies)
December 4th	Noel Moore (Film Maker in Residence)
January 8th	Mike Lavelle (Housing Director)
January 22nd	David Godfrey (Writer in Residence)
February 5th	David Blackwood (Artist in Residence)

Profile also offers employment for
 dicta-typists
 research assistants

Please apply direct to the Erindalian News Office (basement of Colman
 House), ask for the Fiction Editor.

ENTERTAINMENT

THE MOVIES

by James Fullard

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL

One evening on a foggy beach in California around 1959, a solitary aviator was walking along when a voice said to him a name. Hurrying back home, he proceeded to create the beginning of the novel that would not be completed until 1967 and published until 1970. Two years later it would be the most sought after book in North America and to thousands the most powerful novel they had ever read. The man was Richard Bach and the book was "Jonathan Livingston Seagull".

Early in 1972, Hall Bartlett, a noted producer of social commentary films such as NAVAJO and the THE CARETAKERS, contacted Bach and together they began work on the film that would bear the same name and meaning as the book.

If there are any people who have not been lucky enough to read the little book (an unlikely event) its success can be related directly to its simplicity. It is the gentle yet remarkably profound story of a seagull by the name of Jonathan. For Jonathan there is no greater goal in life than to fly better and higher than any gull before him. To fly so high that he would see all the world and not have to lead the bickering, scavaging life of his flock. Frightened and angered by his soaring beliefs, the elder of the flock brands him outcast and Jonathan is forced out of the flock.

Alone, he travels the world and experiences all the beauties and mysteries of life. From the suckling of a colt to the softness of a snow-draped forest he gains insight into the immensity of existence.

Tired and aging, he makes one last flight to sea where he is met by three very strange seagulls that tell him to travel beyond the mountains to a higher place . . . a higher life. . . Jonathan is gently guided in his lessons in the new land by a quiet gull, Maureen and the wondrous elder of the flock, Chiang, who is the definition of purity to Jonathan. Chiang leads him to a realization of ultimate speed and, finally beauty. Jonathan learns all things and he learns the most important lesson . . . love.

Intent on leading his earth-bound flock to the same consciousness, he returns to the garbage dump where they live. He is accused of breaking the law of the flock by returning. While there he teaches a lame gull, Fletcher, to fly again and through his survival begins to gather a small group of believers. In the end Jonathan delivers his final speech to Fletcher saying:

"And Fletcher, don't let them make me a God, O.K.? I'm a seagull—I like to fly, maybe. . ."

With that Jonathan Livingston Seagull is gone.

It is a startling little story; profound as it is beautiful. It is the story of independence and love. It is above all, a story of Man. Jonathan is Buddha, he is Jesus, he is a seagull.

The film deserves the praise that I'm sure it will get. Not from the critics but from the public. The book never appealed to the critics either. It is a story for the common man and woman. While remaining true to the story, the film has lifted it to visual aspects that words could only hint at.

It is not a simple film. In some respects it is a spectacular film. Shot along the rugged coast of Big Sur and Carmel and in the barrenness of Death Valley, it is flowing with staggering camera-work. With the excellence of cinematographer, Jack Cuffer, we are taken above the clouds and into the sun. Through carefully controlled special effects, Bartlett has directed his cameras towards the super-reality of the story and has succeeded.

Using trained and wild seagulls (Trained by Ray Berwick of "The Birds" fame), the spirit of the story is captured without the use of animation.

An inseparable component of the film is the poetic and talented music of Neil Diamond. Mr. Diamond was given extraordinary freedom with the film and the result is excellent. A singer of unusual



comfort, he has added immensely to JONATHAN.

To some, JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL will be accused of commercialism. TO OTHERS IT WILL SEEM TRITE. Perhaps in trying to convince ourselves that gulls are gulls and that JONATHAN is just another fairy story we are really hiding from the fact that we don't want to understand the real truth behind the story. It is not a story of gulls. It is a collection of all that is good in men. Perhaps the animals . . . the gulls have achieved what we cannot. Maybewe're afraid of the unity that they have with the world.

Richard Bach and Hall Bartlett have tried to show us, through the seagull, that salvation is an earthy matter and that we, like Jonathan, must learn to truly fly.

"You have the freedom to be yourself your true self, here and now, and nothing can stand in your way"

—Jonathan Livingston Seagull



HALL BARTLETT: AN INTERVIEW

by James Fullard

Directing don't come easy these days, it seems. Even with a story like Jonathan Livingston Seagull and some extremely talented workers in your crew, it seems that it gets harder and harder to do what you want to do.

Hall Bartlett, director, producer and co-writer of the screenplay for the movie JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL was in Toronto last Wednesday and explained some of the hassles and some of the joys of Jonathan.

One of the problems that plagued Mr. Bartlett in the production of the film has been the legal suit that Richard Bach, the author and Neil Diamond, the man behind the music brought against him. BARTLETT: "Mr. Bach had some

34 complaints about the picture. The judge allowed him two. Mr. Diamond . . . wanted a lot of things like stereo put in all the theaters, special amplifiers . . . things that were beyond our power to do if we wanted them. The judge completely repudiated Neil Diamond's claim and chastised his lawyers for using, really extortion.

"There were two major reasons for the (Bach) suit. One is he wanted to be the voice of Jonathan Livingston Seagull. The other complaint against the film, basically, was that he disagreed with Jonathan returning to the flock. Since Bach hit he has walked successively on his wife, six children, his agent, his lawyers, his publishers and now this with the film.

"I had a very close relationship with Neil so Neil's joining Bach in the suit was a personal hurt to me. Bach's was not."

A movie as deep as JONATHAN though, had to have its ups as well as its downs. One of the highest ups that Mr. Bartlett spoke of was the way in which he met the bird that would eventually become Jonathan. BARTLETT: "The key members of the crew were having lunch at the Monterey Pier . . . I was seated . . . at the back of the restaurant with a whole glass window behind me where seagulls were all over the roofs.

"On this one ledge behind me we all noticed that one bird was there . . . here, there, was only one bird. I

asked him (the bird trainer) if this wasn't a very unusual seagull . . . And he looked at the bird and said . . . "Yes that's a flock leader."

"Suddenly I noticed him go for the window and what he had done was he had gotten a big piece of French bread and as the seagull had went for it he grabbed it by the long beak and pulled it through the window. And here the bird was screaming and flapping and going wild and the restaurant was crowded and people were . . . saying: "What the hell is going on?" I'm trying to explain making this exit. "Look folks . . . we're making Jonathan Livingston Seagull. We need this bird, we're not going to hurt it. . ."

QUESTION: Where is he now?

BARTLETT: "At the end of the show we had many offers to sell him to bird shows. I felt this would be a prostitution of the whole idea. We took him back to the coast at Big Sur and let him go back to the wild."

QUESTION: What did the book mean to you?

BARTLETT: "Well the book meant two things which some people think conflict and I don't think they do and that is the pursuit of individual freedom and the development of one's own best qualities."

It seemed that this talented and highly independent man was

con't on page 7

Interview con't from page 6

genuinely moved by this film both in an emotional and in a spiritual way. BARTLETT: "I do believe that there is a reason for living, that there is some kind of universal mind that I don't understand. I think there is a point in living and I think we all have a universal element within us and that's why the lines are in there; "It's in me, it's in me". That's what I believe."

Hall Bartlett is proud of his film as he is of all but one of the others he did. To this end he thanks the fact that he works outside of major studios and as such has complete creative freedom in the films he produces. About JONATHAN... would he do it again?

BARTLETT: "My heart has been in the film. I want to make something that my heart is in. If I had it to do over again I would still do it."

"I am anxious to get back to work with human beings and performers but I still would have done this BECAUSE THE FIRST PERSON that I have to please is myself."

Well, Mr. Bartlett, even with the hassles, by satisfying your independence and pleasing yourself, you have, without doubt, touched many people.

Perhaps, through JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL we can see some spark of genius in Hollywood yet.

Thank you, Mr. Bartlett.

(The interview with Hall Bartlett was made possible with the kind co-operation of Diane Steele and Paramount Pictures to whom the Erindalian would like to express its thanks. And besides, the luncheon was good.)



"Hall Bartlett with Jonathan. Independence pretty well sums it up for this talented director."

TERRY'S TRAVEL TIPS

This week we will look to the Ski Market overseas and in the U.S. UNITED Air Lines is distributing an agency ski manual and brochures outlining packages to 18 ski areas in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and New Mexico. Among these is an Aspen package, which includes 7 nights accommodation; six day's lifts interchangeable at Aspen Mountain, Aspen Highlands, Buttermilk-Tiehack and Snowmass; transportation to all ski areas; and one free ski lesson with the purchase of a regular ski lesson or a free cheese fondue picnic.

Ground arrangements at Aspen start at U.S. \$86 per person per week, four to a room, \$96 per person double.

Transfers from airports served by United to ski areas are not included in the packages, but details of car rentals are given in the brochures.

From Toronto the fares are:
Boise: U.S. \$176 mid-week, \$200 weekend
Denver: \$133 mid-week, \$152 weekend
Grand Junction: \$148 mid-week, \$170 weekend
Salt Lake City: \$160 mid-week, \$182 weekend

Beginning January 30, Great Places will be offering one week packages to the Holiday Inn in Aspen, Colorado. Weekly departures ex Toronto with Wardair are scheduled to Grand Junction, Colorado, every Wednesday.

Included in the packages are air fare, accommodation and transfers. The cost is \$269 per person, double occupancy for the January 30 to February 20 departures and the March 27 departure. From February 27 to March 20 the cost is \$279 and the April 3 departure is \$249.

There is a \$10 reduction per person for three in a room and a \$20 reduction for four in a room.

Scandinavian Airlines is promoting a series of Trail Blazer skiing tours ex New York to

Scandinavia—six to Norway and one to Sweden—in the Scandinavia Breathers Brochures.

A separate brochure outlines details on a Norse Trail Blazer tour ex Montreal to Lillehammer in Norway from \$344. The Nordic ski touring package includes air fare from Montreal, accommodation for seven nights with all meals, service charges and taxes included.

Skiers are being "guaranteed" snow this winter at Innsbruck one of the two Austrian destinations being offered is Kitzbuhel. Departures are from Toronto and prices start at \$345 for Innsbruck and at \$467 for Kitzbuhel.

Kitzbuhel, dominated by the Kitzbuheler Horn, and the Hahnenkamm mountains is an international winter sports centre with over 100 miles of ski runs. Kitzbuhel has one of the most famous alpine ski schools in Austria with over ski instructors.

A one week's holiday in Kitzbuhel starts at \$467 including airfare, hotel accommodation with private bath and two meals a day. Lufthansa Snojets will leave Toronto every Saturday for ten weeks beginning January 19, 1974.

Innsbruck is 20 minutes by bus from the Stubai Glacier region, the only avalanche and crevasse free glacier in Europe. Here all arrangements have just been completed for year-round skiing.

The eight-day packages to Innsbruck with ten departures from Toronto during January, February, and March are priced from \$345. Airfare and budget accommodation with continental breakfast are included. Superior hotel accommodation is optional at slightly higher rates offering one additional meal.

As you can see there's lots to offer for all skiers in the way of specially priced tours and packages. A telephone call to any of the above Airlines or Great Places will help clear up anything that is not clear. Brochures are offered for all the packages available.

Declassified Ads

To the family and friends:
Thanks for a wonderful birthday.
Maria

Radio Erindale/Erindalian combined programs coming your way. Starting next week: Study of The Invasion of Privacy. (Starting on Monday 12th: Weekly exposes on any and all Erindale Students. You may be one. Stay tuned to Radio Erindale.

Less than two months to New Year's. Start drinking now and avoid the rash. Leo

Shy, respectable, young man wishes to meet female. Serious replies only. Major interests - reading, classical music, 36B's, debating, and gourmet cooking. Box 70-1 c/o Erindalian

Healthy male, early twenties, in dire need of social interaction, wishes to meet females. Leave name and how to contact in sealed envelop in Erindalian post box in SAGE office.

House No. 26. Tanks for babysitting. V.I.P.

To Whom It May Concern:
Is it proper for a girl to get into a guys pants on the first date?

Horney

Godzilla: Please come home. Your children and mother-in-law miss you. We promise not to make you clean out the bathtub anymore.
Mrs. Godzilla.

A Question of Torture

—Bobby Boraks

Last Wednesday night, at the St. Lawrence Centre, a forum was held to advertise the plight of Vietnamese citizens rotting in jail. It was sponsored by AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL a London, England based civil liberty association which, among other things, clamours for the freedom of political prisoners.

Panelists present at this meeting were: Fred Branfman, a recently returned visitor from Viet Nam; Eden Anderson, a representative from Amnesty International; Andrew Brewin, the ever-present civil libertarian, and Dennis McDermott, as moderator, the vocal president of the Canadian Auto Union.

These individuals tried to get across, by movie and by lecturing, the horrors of living in South Vietnam, where a visit to the local jail usually ends with some kind of physical deformities for the prisoner. Under a large banner proclaiming "Stop Aid to Thieu", Branfman described how South Vietnam, with American help, has turned into a police state where everyone is supplied with an ID card and to be caught without one is a sure ticket to jail.

In the jails themselves, tortures are applied that one sees only in cartoons. Typical examples are the water tortures or a visit to the "Tiger Hole", which, after a year or so, causes complete paralysis of the legs. Branfman also stated that lime is occasionally thrown on the 200,000 political prisoners.

Although there was around 150 people present, I think the meeting was sort of a failure, for it seemed that a majority of the people were already knowledgeable of the goings-on in Thieu's fiefdom and had come mainly to hear their own voices during the question period. But I was irked when one man queried Brewin as to why he was so concerned about other nation's political prisoners when at the same time Canadians are also stuck in hell-holes around the world. This put Brewin on the spot and when the individual tried to follow up his question, many of the "fair weather liberals" in the crowd shouted him

FOLK MUSIC SCENE

As much as it may cause many of you pain to hear it I'm afraid that this is yet another in the series of folk music columns. Yes, this week we open with the earthshaking news that the String Band is playing this weekend at Shier's upon Don Mills road. Now, the string Band boasts a female singer and such other things as banjos, fiddles and guitars in a combination that just has to be interesting. Seeing as you people probably didn't dutifully copy down all the numbers of these places into your address books I guess I'll have to include them again this week. Shier's can be reached at 469-1608 if you have any questions.

On Tuesday, that's tonight the well known folk singer Dee Higgins can be heard and on Friday night Howie Bursen an all round kind of guy is up from New York state. I guess I forgot to mention where didn't I? Well, both Dee and Howie can be heard at Fiddler's Green which is at Eglinton and Yonge roughly behind the YMCA or something like that. Call 489-3001 for directions.

La Troupe Grotesque are back at Egerton's this week. I guess they were well liked the last time. It

might be worth a visit. The phone number there is 868-0036.

United Artist's recording artist (that's a mouthful isn't it?) David Wiffen remains at the Riverboat this week. Phone 922-6216 for the recorded message. The address is 134 Yorkville Ave.

At the Oxford Inn this week Frek Booker, a blues man from the states is slated to perform. Now, Fred is a big guy and if that has anything to do with being a good blues singer he should be all right. He sings blues in a melodic style which makes for good listening. The Oxford Inn is located at 254 Jarvis St. and the phone number is 363-0126.

Last, but certainly not least we have the Nag's Head at 74 York St. They have the same line-up as last week that being; in Stall No. 1 Moonraker, in Stall No. 2 Mandolin Wind, and in Stall No. 3 Nancy Puma. Now, this is the same gal as last week only those of you who read this column last week will remember (if there are any of you) that last week her name was Nancy Anderson. It's supposedly the same person this week only the name is changed. Why? To protect the innocent I guess. Who is the idiot who writes this shit anyway?

MURPHY'S



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AND NOW OUR FIRST SHREWD DEAL. MONDAY TO WEDNESDAY

WITH THIS AD YOU CAN GET

1 Large Sub and a Coffee or Tea For \$1

(DON'T FORGET THE MORNING SPECIAL) E.T.T.

down with the chant of "Facist" and "Western Guard".

But, all in all, it was an interesting and informative way to kill an evening, so if anyone else out there in Newspaper-land wishes to go to the next Public Affairs Meeting it will be at 8:00 PM on November 14th and will deal on what women can do to gain political power.

THE COLUMN

by Tom Maloney

Call this column apathetical, or lousy, or short, or anything else you can think of-but try to get the point. Show some sort of spirit. You can start with the blood donor clinic on Wednesday, the basketball game on Friday, ANYTHING!!!

Lacrosse Warriors defeated in play-offs

Next year Coach Ronan Grogan has something to look forward to. He will have an experienced team with sharpshooters like Taillon and Sterrit. To end up in fourth place is good production for an all rookie club. Coach Grogan deserves a lot of credit for getting the team this far. Next year the team will be a true contender for the championship.



B-ball Warriors win again

Somewhat disappointing was the



The Warrior Fast Break nearing completion as Phil Walker sets for a jumper while Tom Maloney and Al Nakrosius (left) look on.



Bob Winter converts a lay-up while Lorne Morrow's (No. 5) body watches in the background.

Chylinski leads Warriors to big win

With Chylinski present the attack was better organized and the



offense clicked. The game was marred by a brawl in the second period, resulting in Mr. Hurley and Mr. Hamill leaving the game before the time had expired.